WHO'S GUILTY?

An Interesting Series of Pathe Photoplays Now Being Presented at the Leading Motion Picture Theatres in Greater New York.

Novelization By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Story No. 12

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

The twelfth of a series of separate stories dealing with the commission of crimes inviting judgment upon both actual guilt and real responsibility.

TOM CLARK'S father died in battle. Not the less so, because the only weapons involved were brains and money instead of cold steel and hot lead.

John Clark had begun life as a mill hand. By sheer cleverness, by tireless industry, by an almost uncanny power over his fellow-men, he had fought his way upward until he was President of the great mills within he had entered, a quarter century earlier, as a day laborer.

But he was a manufacturer, not a financier. His directors presently formed a clique to oust him from power and to put one of their own henchmen in his place.

The clique's chance came when they lured Clark into a hasty financial deal whose nature they misrepresented to him. As a result, when the President one day entered the board room for a conference he found the directors already awaiting him. One of them opened the attack by saying curtly:

"You have failed to redeem the stock you pledged for the C. G. & X. bonds. We have taken it up. The control of the mills has therefore passed to us. We deeply regret, of course"——

"I will take your regrets for granted, gentlemen," interrupted Clark, "and I will not waste your time by telling you what I think of this underhand deal. You have tricked me out of power. You have the whip-hand. If you expect me to cringe under the whip or to whine for mercy, you do not know John Clark. You want my resignation as President, of course. It will be in your Secretary's hands within half an hour. Good day."

Turning on his heel he strode out of the room and back to his own private office. He had promised to hand in his resignation within thirty minutes. In a long lifetime of business probity, that was the one and only promise John Clark ever broke.

For, as he reached his desk, a sudden sharp pain in the left side sent him staggering into the nearest chair. There he groped fumbling at his collar and mumbled a few gaspingly inarticulate words.

Before his secretary and stenographer could hurry across the room to the stricken man, he slid limply from the chair to the floor, and lay there, quite still, in a curiously huddled and twisted mass.

The blow that had wrecked his future had also taken his life. The effort had been too much for an already feeble heart action.

Thus did John Clark fight a life-long battle. Thus did he lose battle and life in one stroke. And it behooved his only son to take up the fight as best he could, to support his sister and his widowed mother.

Tom Clark had been reared as a rich man's son. He was just ending his junior year at Yale when word came of his father's death and of the total wreck of the family fortunes.

He hurried home, and, after he had installed his mother and sister in a little street cottage that seemed pitiably tiny and squalid, after their big house on Maple street, he began at once to think some method of supporting them and himself.

Tom speedily discovered that his services were in no demand at all among the merchants and financiers of his little home town.

Some he came, discouraged and grimly resolute, after a week of fruitless search for work. To his mother he poured out the story of his troubles and of a plan that had been used of his failures.

"I don't understand."

"My father went in at twenty as day laborer at the mills over yonder. When he was fifty he practically owned the mills. His example is good enough for me. To-morrow morning I'm going over to the mills to see Mr. Peltz, the new President. For Dad's sake he'll give me work there."

And in spite of all the protests of his mother and sister he held to his resolve. Early next morning he sought an interview with Peltz, the new President. The latter—more because there was a shortage of men than from any sentiment about John Clark's memory—turned Tom over to Joe Carr, a department foreman, with orders to put him to work.

Carr, a powerful and grizzled veteran of the machines, received the president's orders in respectful silence, merely nodding to the applicant to follow him to his own department. But the moment he and Tom were alone in the corridor outside Peltz's office, the old foreman's manner underwent a lightning change. Wheeling, he grasped Tom's hands in both of his, exclaiming:

"Boy, I worked alongside your father, and then under his orders for thirty years. He was the whitest, kindest, squarest man the Lord ever made. There isn't a man in the mills that didn't love him and trust him. There isn't a man here who won't welcome John Clark's son and give him a square deal."

Inside a year Tom Clark was by all odds the most popular man in the mills, and he was by far the cleverest and quickest workman on his floor. He advanced rapidly, and he well earned every advance. Old Joe Carr grew to regard him almost as a son.

Before that first year was out, too, Joe Carr had still other reasons for being fond of his young protege. One was Carr's daughter, Edna, brought her father's lunch to the mills, as he had forgotten to take it with him in the morning.

As she approached Carr's desk, Tom Clark chanced to be standing there, receiving some routine instructions. Carr introduced the two young people to each other.

Tom, as he turned to acknowledge the introduction, found himself looking down into quite the most beautiful pair of eyes he had ever beheld. Vaguely, too, he noted that the eyes were set in a daintily flowerlike face, and that the face was upraised toward his own with an adorable expression of interest.

Something seemed to tug thrillingly at Tom Clark's hitherto immune heart. Completely to his own surprise, he found he had fallen victim to that mystically poetic malady known as "love at first sight."

Edna Carr, too, felt an unaccountable stirring at her heartstrings at this first meeting with the man of whom she had heard so much from her father. Already, from hearing of Tom's story, she had invested young Clark with all the attributes of a hero of romance. Now, his good looks, his magnetic personality and his oddly brilliant smile, combined with his very evident admiration of herself to finish the capture of her girlish heart.

Love had dawned, and courtship was quick to follow—an ardently adoring swain's wooing of a girl who met his loverly advances half way.

Tom did not actually propose, because he was not yet earning enough money to add the expense of a wife's support to that of a sister and a mother. But he worked all the harder at the mills in order to rise to a position with a salary that would permit him to marry, in addition to his present heavy expenses.

Kelly, the easy-going old superintendent of the mills, retired on pension. In his place the directors appointed a man who had won an enviable record for efficiency in another city's mills. His name was Agnew Graham. In age he was about thirty-five. He had a reputation for slave-driving and for wringing from the mills a list of results that were highly gratifying to the stockholders. Concerning his personal character, some rather unsavory stories were adrift. But the directors were out for results, not personal uprightness, so Graham was employed.

He worked the men cruelly hard; he was forever nagging at them and blaming them and docking their wages for imaginary delinquencies. He showed plainly that he regarded them as a breed of animal utterly inferior to himself. He wreaked petty grudges against such of them as he did not chance to like. He leered at their daughters and young sisters on the street in a way that made them want to kick him.

As for Tom, he concerned himself little with Graham. He did his own work and did it well. And, apart from that, all his thoughts were taken up by Edna Carr.

Though Tom took scant heed of Graham, yet, strangely enough, the new superintendent had given somewhat more attention to Tom, and this secret study on the part of Graham was at last voiced in a talk with Peltz, the president.

"There's a young fellow named Tom Clark in Carr's department," Graham chanced to say to the president one rainy noon, as he was about to go to lunch. "Did you ever happen to hear of him?"

"Why, yes," replied Peltz. "I gave him his job. He is the son of our old president—John Clark. Clark died bankrupt and his son came to me for work. Carr tells me he is a wonder. I'm glad to hear it. I always rather liked his father; in spite of"——

"I've had my eye on him," interrupted Graham. "I've been watching him. You're right about his being a good worker. I'll grant that; but"——

"But what?" demanded Peltz. "That is all we hire him for. He's a hustler, and he doesn't presume on his father's name. What?"——

"He's too popular," declared Graham. "That's a bad sign. Everybody in every department likes him. He's the most popular man in the mills. I don't know why, but it's true, and I don't like it."

He left the office and started for the main entrance of the mills, where his automobile waited at the curb to carry him to his club for luncheon. A heavy rain was falling and Graham stood on the entrance steps waiting for the shower to slacken so that he might reach his car without getting wet.

He noted that some one else, emerging from the building just ahead of him, was also waiting under the portico for the rain to abate. And a second glance at his fellow loiterer showed him she was a girl, young, neatly dressed and extremely pretty, Graham's dull eyes brightened. He took a step toward her.

"Pardon me," he said with a respectful civility that was a trifle overdone. "You don't work here, I think."

"No, sir," said the girl, who apparently recognized him. "I came to bring my father his lunch."

"Oh, your father is one of us, then?"

"Yes, sir. He is Joseph Carr, foreman in the"——

"Joe Carr?" put in Graham, with a cordiality that would have amazed the grumpy old foreman. "There isn't a better or more highly appreciated man in the place. I'm honored to meet his daughter. I am Agnew Graham, the superintendent," he added in needless explanation. "So you see I am qualified to speak of your father's fine ability. And now won't you let me do my old friend's daughter a small service? The rain is letting up. Can't I take you home in my car?"

Edna observed the slight frown as he spoke. This man was the superintendent, the potentate on whose good will both her father and Tom depended for their employment and advancement. If she should offend him——

"Thank you," she faltered, "I shall be very much obliged to you. It is only a few blocks."

Gally he escorted her across the shining pavement to his car and helped her into its luxurious tonneau. As the chauffeur drew away from the curb Edna gazed around her in almost childlike delight.

"This is the very first time I've ever been in an automobile in all my life," she said with awed rapture. "Isn't it wonderful?"

Graham laughed indulgently.

"The rain is over," said Graham. "See, the sun is coming out. The moonlight will be glorious this evening."

"You do not mean—you can not mean"—— she gasped.

"But I do," he responded. "I mean just that. I mean I'd enjoy the drive a million times more if you'll join me in it. You see," he hurried on, as she shrank a little from him, "it'll be such fun to watch your pleasure in the scenery and the moonlight, and all."

Sore tempted by the prospect of such a wondrous treat, and dazzled at the chivalric attention of the man who controlled her father's and her lover's destinies, Edna hesitated, unable to voice the refusal she knew she ought to make.

"My father," she said, haltingly, "would not like"——

"Your father goes on the night shift for a month," answered Graham, "on account of the new order we're filling for the Government. He begins his night work at 6 this evening. Think it over, won't you? It will make me very happy, and I'll see you get home by 10 o'clock at the very latest."

When Tom Clark called at the Carr cottage that evening Edna was not at home. When he saw her, next noon, she told him she had gone to call on a sick neighbor and was going thither again that evening.

To do Agnew Graham strict justice, he had merely met the same fate as had Tom. In other words, he had fallen in love at sight with Edna Carr. And his love for her—to his own surprise—was as reverent and as protective as Clark's.

Graham during the first motor ride had resolved that Edna was the one woman in all the world for him and that he would win her for his wife.

His love-making was as respectful as to a girl of his own class. For the first time in his checkered life he realized the holiness of love.

As for Edna, she found Graham unlike any other man she had met. He was better dressed, of smoother manners, of broader experience. The polished man of the world dazzled her and for the moment almost blurred the image of your Tom Clark from her heart.

Ambition awoke within her. All her young life she had had to pinch and save. As Agnew Graham's wife she would have every comfort that a large income could buy.

Hitherto her chief amusement had been an evening at a moving picture show, followed by a plate of ice cream and a trolley ride home. Now Graham's high priced car was at her service. No more the delightfully dainty and costly suppers be ordered for her at roadhouse restaurants. No more theatre and opera.

Her inexperienced head was turned. Her head, but not wholly her heart. That was still, at bottom, true to its ideals, although those ideals just now were sadly muddled.

And when Graham asked her to be his wife she refused. But she couched her refusal in terms so regretful that he by no means abandoned hope. From her artless talk he had learned of Tom's love for her; but he had no fear from so lowly a rival. Indeed, Clark's adoration for Edna mildly amused him.

On the afternoon following the drive when Graham had proposed to Edna a fellow-workman fell into step with Tom, as the day shift was trooping out of the mill.

"Heard the news?" the man asked Tom.

"What news?" queried Clark, with no great interest.

"Pop Carr is due to have a swell son-in-law," was the reply. "A couple of the fellows know Graham's chauffeur. They were coming home from the lodge, along Pine Street, last evening, when Graham chugged past them in that big blue car of his. The electric street light shone into the car as the two chaps were passing, and there sat Graham with Pop Carr's daughter. This morning one of 'em spoke to Graham's chauffeur about it. The chauffeur said yes, they go driving together pretty nearly every evening. And last night he heard Graham ask her would she marry him. The chauffeur couldn't hear what she answered. But it's a cinch she"——

He broke off in astonishment, for Tom, who had been staring at him in speechless horror, had turned on his heel and set off at a dead run.

Nor did he pause until he had entered the front yard of the Carr cottage. Edna saw him striding up the walk and she came to the door to meet him.

"You're—you're a stranger, Tom," she greeted him with a forced lightness that sought to mask her nervousness. "I haven't seen you for ages."

"I have been here evening after evening," he answered, choking back his emotion, "but you're always away visiting your 'sick neighbor,' Edna!" he broke off in stern inquiry, "is it true that you spend your evenings motoring with Agnew Graham?"

She flushed hotly, but answered in ready defiance.

"Well, if I do, whose business is it but my own? You have no right to catechise me."

"I have the right of a man who wants to protect you from danger," he returned. "The right to guard you from a scoundrel like Graham. You surely must know what it means when a man of his sort pays attentions to you."

"It means," she said, angered at his tone, "it means that he loves me. He has asked me to be his wife."

"No," cried Tom, aghast. "It's true, then! It's true what people are saying. Oh, Edna!"

"Is there any disgrace," she demanded, "in my listening to his proposal? He loves me, and"——

"Edna!" exclaimed Tom, "you don't care for him. You can't! Why, I hoped—I dared hope—you understood how I feel toward you, and that you were willing to wait for me. I love you, dear. You must have known that. I love you. Will you marry me?"

For a moment her heart went out to him in an anguish of yearning. Then common sense asserted itself.

"Tom," she said, very gently, but very firmly, "you can't afford to marry on the pay you are getting. You can't support two families on your weekly wages. It may be years before"——

"And you are the little girl I always thought was so fine and so unmercenary!" groaned Tom. "Graham has taught you that money is better than true love. I can't compete against his bid. Goodby."

Sick with misery, he left her and made for the outer door.

On the doorstep he all but collided with a man who was just raising a hand to the bell. It was Agnew Graham.

Graham's car stood at the gate. This was the superintendent's first visit by daylight to the home of the girl he loved, and he was not overpleased to meet Tom Clark coming out.

But from the look of wretchedness on Tom's face Graham rightly judged that the younger man's reception had not been favorable. And he grinned patronizingly at him.

At sight of that grin Tom suddenly lost all control of himself. His heart-sick apathy changed in a flash to murderous rage. With the wordless yell of a charging beast he flew at his rival.

He caught Graham by the throat in a blindness of fury and flung him to the ground, leaning over the prostrate man and snarling and growling like a rabid dog.

Graham, though caught unaware, had no mind to be throttled unresistingly in the presence of the girl he wanted to marry. He was on his feet again as nimbly as any trained wrestler, and, ducking Tom's wild blow, ran in and grappled with him.

Edna, in the doorway, cried out in terror as the two men writhed and twisted in that fierce embrace of hate. A crowd quickly gathered at the gate. Unseeing, unhearing, the two men battled on. Now the advantage was with one, now with the other.

Presently Tom's insane fury began to subside into a coldly homicidal rage. And, with coolness, came back his ability to use his mind and to control his frantic muscles.

The mind was that of the cleverest middle-weight boxer Yale had known in many a year. The muscles were those of an all-America football halfback. The combination was too strong for a man of Agnew Graham's loose life to withstand.

And suddenly the tide of battle turned. Tom wriggled free from Graham's clawing grip and began to rain a lightning succession of blows upon the ill guarded face and body of his opponent.

Under that fusillade Graham was beaten back helpless and reeling. He could not resume the aggressive; he could not even defend himself. He was hammered backward until his body banged against the side of the house. There, a mighty right hander sent him crashing on his head into the thorny recesses of a rose bush, his mouth full of smashed teeth, his brain empty of consciousness.

Tom, flushed with victory, looked up in eager appeal to Edna. She shuddered and buried her face in her hands. Tom shrugged his shoulders and, with a last contemptuous backward look at his battered and senseless adversary he walked out of the yard and through the applauding crowd. His day's work was done, and done well.

At 10 o'clock next morning Joe Carr returned to his own department from a summons to the president's office with orders from Peltz and Graham that Thmas Clark be instantly discharged.

"I did my best for you, lad," reported the old man when he had told the news to Tom and to a group of sympathetic workmen who came over to listen. "But it was no use. Graham was there, with his face all swollen and cut, and he kept saying: 'Mr. Peltz, either Clark goes or I go.' I told Peltz you were the best worker on the floor, but he stood by Graham and"——

"And I guess the boys will stand by Tom Clark!" spoke up one of the listening workers. "He's fired without cause, and that's dead against our agreement with the company. We'll call a meeting for to-night and"——

"Not on my account," begged Tom. "I don't want to make any of you men lose a day's work or get in bad with Graham for my sake. I can find work somewhere. And"——

"And you'll find it right here in these mills," supplemented Carr, "or we'll know the reason why. Mr. Agnew Graham's gone a step too far this time."

On the following day a committee of the men formally waited upon Mr. Peltz in the latter's office. Graham was there, still hideously disfigured by his thrashing.

Peltz nodded curtly to the committee and bade them state their errand. The spokesman cleared his throat and began a speech he had carefully rehearsed.

"Mr. Peltz," said he, "we are here as a delegation of your entire force. We have a grievance. We regret that we should be obliged"——

"Oh, cut out the flowery language and come to the point!" snapped Graham. "What's your grievance?"

The spokesman, still addressing Peltz, resumed:

"Thomas Clark was yesterday discharged without assigned cause, and for no reason concerning his work and conduct here in the mills. We demand, respectfully, that he be reinstated by or before noon to-day."

"And if we refuse?" sneered Graham. "What then?"

"Then," retorted the spokesman, stirred out of his self control by the insolent tone, "then at noon every man in these mills will register his protest by walking out. That is final."

"Walk out, then!" yelled Graham. "Strike, if you're fools enough! Not a man who strikes on account of that Clark blackguard will ever get another job here. That's final, too."

"Is that your decision, too, Mr. Peltz?" asked the spokesman.

"It is," replied the President. "We intend to run our mills without dictation from our employees."

"Clark was unjustly discharged," argued the spokesman, "and contrary to section 19 of our agreement with the company. Do you refuse to reinstate him?"

"I do," grunted Peltz. "That's my ultimatum."

"We walk out at noon to-day," said the spokesman, and the committee filed from the office.

As they departed they heard Graham say to the President:

"Perhaps you see now why I didn't like Clark's popularity with the men. He"——

"Telegraph to Nagel," interrupted Peltz. "Tell him to ship us five hundred strikebreakers and fifty guards. We'll see this thing through. Tell Nagel to rush his men here on the first possible train."

But it was one thing to summon a battalion of strikebreakers and quite another thing to break a strike, as Peltz and Graham speedily discovered.

The men of the mills were fiercely in earnest. They had struck not only for a man they liked but in defense of a principle. They were not minded to starve while professional hoboes and strongarm men got their jobs.

Wherefore, as the guarded strikebreakers marched up the street toward the mill from the railroad station the strikers barred their progress. The police and the hired guards sought to drive back the solid body of men who opposed the strikebreakers' march.

A stone flew; then another. Then a hailstorm of missiles. The police and guards charged, but the strikers flung themselves upon their foes with a steady determination that forced them to a halt.

The air was thick with stones and clubs. Here and there a revolver spat viciously. Hundreds of men were entangled in hand-to-hand conflict.

Bit by bit the strikers gained ground. In vain had Tom Clark implored them to abstain from violence and from resistance to the law. Their blood was up.

The street in front of the mill was in a mad turmoil. The strikers in a final rush swept their opponents off their feet and back toward the railroad station whence they had come.

"They'll turn around presently and wreck the mills," muttered Graham as, from Peltz's office, he peeped down on the scene. "And when they do"——

He looked around him, to find he was talking to himself alone. Peltz had prudently left the office and was even then sneaking out of the building through an unguarded door.

Graham, left alone, lost what little remnant of nerve he still possessed. Guessing at Peltz's flight, he made ready to follow his worthy President's example. He bolted from the office, down a flight of stairs and toward the street. In the hallway some one sprang forward and seized him by the arm. Graham, half blinded by terror, jerked his arm free and was starting on again, when he saw it was Edna Carr who had sought to stay him.

"What—what are you doing here?" he babbled in terror.

"I couldn't stay away," she sobbed. "I heard that Mr. Peltz had used his influence with the Governor to get the militia regiment called out. And I was afraid Tom might be injured. So I came here to—to plead with you, Mr. Graham."

"With me?" he mumbled, scarce hearing her, and looking apprehensively at the side door toward which he had been headed.

"Yes," she answered eagerly. "With you. You can save him. You can stop all this horrible riot by taking Tom back into the mills again. If you will do that—if you'll save him—I promise I'll marry you. I"——

A crash of glass from behind them attested to the sureness of some window-smasher's aim.

"They're breaking in!" howled Graham, his knees knocking together. "It's I they're after. They hate me. They'll tear me limb from limb!"

He wrenched himself free from Edna's grasp and ran dazedly for the nearest door, flinging it open.

In the street, before him, the strikers had halted, and were lined up, resolutely but hopelessly, all looking straight ahead at a body of reinforcements that were appearing from around the corner ahead, to replace the scattered guards. Graham cried aloud in shaky relief. The newcomers were several platoons of police reserves.

Again, from the far end of the corridor, behind the superintendent, came a smashing of glass. Several mischievous boys, taking advantage of the hubbub at the opposite side of the building, had approached from the vacant street behind and were pelting the ground-floor windows.

But to the overwrought Graham the thudding of stones and the tinkle of glass meant only that a second detachment of strikers were breaking into the mills from that direction, in search of him, and that he must presently be caught between these two marauding forces and put to death.

In his extremity he saw but one desperate loophole of escape—if he could make a dash down the steps ahead of him and get to the shelter of the oncoming police ranks he would be safe.

But the street space between the front rank of the police reserves and the mass of unflinching strikers was already narrow and was narrowing still further at every onward stride of the reserves.

To reach the police, Graham must pass in front of the strikers, and perilously close to them. He knew what to expect from their rocks and pistols and flung clubs. He must run a fearful gantlet ere he could reach safety.

Then, in a trice, came to him an inspiration born of craven terror, and with trembling haste he acted upon it.

He flung one arm about Edna and, before she could guess his purpose, he was dashing toward the street, half-carrying, half-dragging her along with him.

And ever, as he ran, he held the girl's fragile body as a shield between himself and the strikers, in the knowledge that they would not attack him for fear lest their missiles should hit her instead.

But, though Edna did not immediately understand the meaning of his ruse, the strikers did. They greeted Graham's advent with a roar of helpless fury, surging forward to cut off his escape before he should reach the police.

Out from the thick-packed throng sprang a man. It was Tom Clark. In a single bound he had gained Edna's side. Tearing Graham's arm loose from her, Tom gently thrust her out of the path of the police.

Then he gripped the fleeing superintendent by the throat and, heedless of consequences, proceeded to throttle him.

From the moment of Graham's dash out of the doorway scarce ten seconds had elapsed. The police officer in charge, seeing the forward surge of the strikers, shouted an order to his men.

In answer to that sharp-barked command a roar and belch of flame burst from the foremost rank of the police reserves.

The grappling bodies of Tom Clark and Agnew Graham were riddled by bullets. A dozen strikers fell headlong under the same volley. The rest of the mob scattered and fled.

Edna Carr darted out from the sidewalk and threw herself upon her knees in the blood-stained street at Tom Clark's side. She lifted the lifeless man's head in her arms and weepingly kissed the dead lips.

"He was mine," she moaned hysterically. "One of my people!"

"And these," mused the police officer, sadly looking at the slain, scattered about on the ground at his feet, "these were my people too. And I ordered them shot down like beasts!"

And in the City Hall sat a man, elected by the votes of the people, who, when the report was made to him, said: "They were my people. They elected me, but I might have done things differently. I ordered out the reserves, and now these men are dead through my orders."

And the people, each one felt his share when the question was asked, "WHO'S GUILTY?"

(End of Twelfth Story.)

"SOME DAY I'LL HAVE THE RIGHT TO SAY SOMETHING TO YOU."

Graham flung one arm about Edna, and before she could guess his purpose he was dashing toward the street, half carrying, half dragging her along with him. He held the girl's fragile body as a shield between himself and the strikers. Out from the throng sprang a man. It was Tom Clark.

THE THIRTEENTH EPISODE IN THE SERIAL

"WHO'S GUILTY?"

Will Be Published THURSDAY, July 27.

Is Your Child Intelligent As It Should Be at Its Age? Try the Binet-Simon Test

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Do you want to know if your child is as intelligent as he should be for his age?

There is a game which you can play with him which will help you to find out. It is called the Binet-Simon Scale for Measuring Intelligence, and I heard all about it yesterday from Dr. Max G. Schlapp, Director of the New York Clearing House for Mental Defectives, where, in the last four years, the mental quality of about nine thousand youngsters and adults has been charted.

MARGUERITE M. MARSHALL

Dr. Schlapp, who is an eminent neurologist and a professor of neuropathology at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, was careful to explain to me that by the Binet tests alone a child must not be condemned as a defective.

"When I examine a youngster," he said, "I look up his family history and his personal history. I talk with him and . . him questions which test his memory and general intelligence. I find out what his schooling has been, for the latter Binet tests presuppose a certain amount of education. I note if he is extremely nervous, for that may account for the lack of concentration which makes certain tests a failure. But if I conclude that a child is deficient, the Binet scale gives me a fairly accurate notion of just what age the mind of the child actually is."

The tests were devised by Alfred Binet, Director of the Psychological Laboratory of the Sorbonne, in Paris, and the author of many books in his chosen field. By examining at least ten thousand normal children he evolved a chart standardizing what should be the normal mental achievement of the child from the age of three to the age of twelve. Here is his little examination, as you may give it to your own child:

Three Years Old.

Ask him where are his nose, mouth and eyes. Ask him to repeat a sentence of six syllables—"It rains; I am hungry." Ask him to repeat two figures—7-2. Show him four or five pictures of people in certain situations and ask him what he sees. He should be able to name the principal objects, but he need not describe the action.

FOUR YEARS OLD—Ask the child if it is a girl or a boy. Ask him to name familiar objects, such as a key, a knife, a penny. Ask him to repeat three figures—7-4-8. Show him two lines of almost the same length and ask him which is the longer.

FIVE YEARS OLD—Allow him to lift weighted blocks of wood of equal size and appearance, but of considerable difference in weight—3 and 12 grams, 6 and 15 grams—and ask him which is the heavier. Draw a square and ask him to copy it in ink. Tell him to repeat a sentence of ten syllables, "His name is John; he is a very good boy." Give him a visiting card cut diagonally and a whole card. Ask him to make a figure like the latter with the cut pieces.

SIX YEARS OLD—See if he knows whether it is morning or afternoon. Ask him to define known objects—a fork, a table, a chair, a horse, mamma. Give him three small tasks to do simultaneously—i. e., tell him to put a key on a chair, shut the door and bring you a box. Ask him to show you his right hand and his left ear. Show him several pairs of pictures of women; one of each pair being pretty, the other a grotesque, and ask him which is prettier.

SEVEN YEARS OLD—Ask him to count thirteen pennies with his finger. Show him the same pictures shown to the three-year-old child and ask him to describe them. He should now tell of the action in each picture. Show him pictures of persons, each of whom lacks either eyes, nose, mouth or arms and ask him to point out what is wrong. Ask him to copy a diamond. Ask him to recognize the colors red, blue, green and yellow in six seconds.

EIGHT YEARS OLD.—Ask him the difference between a butterfly and a fly, wood and glass, paper and cloth. He should take not more than twenty seconds over each test. Tell him to count backward from twenty. Ask him to repeat the days of the week in their order within 15 seconds. Ask him to count the value of six stamps, three ones and three twos, placed in order. This test should not take more than ten seconds. Ask him to repeat five figures—4-7-3-9-5.

NINE YEARS OLD.—Ask him to make change, as in playing store. Ask him to define the simple objects given to the six-year-old. At nine he should give better and fuller definition. Ask him the date, and to name the months of the year in their order within fifteen seconds. Ask him to arrange five graduated weights (of the same size and appearance), in order from the lightest to the heaviest.

TEN YEARS OLD.—Show him nine pieces of money, each a different denomination, and ask him to name them. Show him simple designs and ask him to draw them from memory. Ask him to repeat a series of six figures—8-5-4-7-2-6; 2-7-4-6-8-1; 9-4-1-7-3-8. Ask him a number of simple questions, such as, "What ought one to do when one has missed the train." "When one has broken something that does not belong to one." "When one is asked his opinion of a person whom he knows only a little." "When one is detained so that he will be late for school." Ask him to use the three words, "Philadelphia, Money, River" in a sentence, within one second.

ELEVEN YEARS OLD—Ask him to pick out the absurdity in such sentences as the following: "I have three brothers, Paul, Ernest and myself." "Yesterday there was an accident on the railroad. But it was not serious—the number of deaths is only 48." Test him with the sentence containing three given words, suggested for the ten-year-old. Ask him to repeat as many different words as he can in three minutes. He should give at least sity. Explain to him what a rhyme means and then ask him for three rhymes apiece for "day," "spring," "mill" and "door." He should not be allowed more than one minute to find three rhymes. Cut into separate words a short printed sentence and ask him to put it together—such a sentence as the following: "We started at an early hour for the park," or "I have asked the teacher to correct my paper."

TWELVE YEARS OLD—Ask him to repeat in their order seven figures—2-9-6-4-3-7-5; 9-2-8-5-1-6-4; 1-7-9-5-8-4-7. Ask him to define charity, justice, goodness. Ask him to repeat a sentence of 26 syllables, such as, "Children, it is necessary to work very hard for a living. You must go every morning to your school." Show several sets of two lines, one of each pair half an inch longer than the other. Then show him lines similarly arranged, but of exactly the same length. The test is of his discernment in perceiving the equality after the difference. Ask him what Binet calls the problem of a fact—such a question as the following: "A person who was walking in the forest suddenly stopped much frightened and hastened to the nearest police and reported that he had seen hanging from the limb of a tree a—" then pause and say, "What?"